

# The Frankfort Roundabout.

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## THE FIRST OF THE SEASON!

## Fall Suitings JUST RECEIVED

BY

HUDSON, HUMPHRIES & CASSELL.

Come Early and Make Your Selection.

### Harp.

DIED.—Infant of Richard Blackabee, of Flag Fork, of dysentery.

The picnic on the Flat Creek pike was largely attended and all enjoyed themselves.

William Harrod, who has been quite ill for some time with gastritis, is slowly but steadily improving.

Our farmers have about completed their threshing. The grain crop was somewhat shorter than was anticipated.

A good, refreshing shower has made every thing look quite pleasant and the prospects for a crop are somewhat brightened.

O. B. Polsgrove has moved from this section to become a citizen of Frankfort. We hope he will not only succeed in whatever he may engage in, but that he may become one of the prominent men of Frankfort in her future history.

Mrs. Bettie Polsgrove, wife of O. B. Polsgrove, after a stay of four months in Caldwell, Kansas, has returned home. Kentucky has its charm, and not many can leave her cheerful borders without a longing desire to return. Mrs. Polsgrove says the drouth has caused a gloomy appearance in that part of the country.

Our old friend, M. S. Urban, was married to Miss Terhune, of Lawrenceburg, Ky., last week. We hope their journey through life may be smooth and pleasant. May they enjoy many memorials of their happy union. We learn Mr. Urban, with his beautiful bride, will shortly remove to Hempstead, Texas, where he will probably permanently locate.

Thomas Harp, a facetious old

bachelor of Harp, created quite a sensation, as well as a surprise to his friends by appropriating and reducing to his own possession the daughter of Mr. Albert Warfield, Miss Rosa Warfield. They were married at the residence of Rev. J. A. Peters, that gentleman officiating at the ceremonies. Mr. Harp has the good wishes of all his friends in his new venture.

Mr. Jonah Neal's infant child died of congestion of the brain on last Wednesday morning, the 10th inst.

The infant child of Robert Mitchell died of dysentery on the 7th inst.

Both the above have our warmest sympathy in their bereavement. Each losing the only child he had. Mr. Neal has lost three children quite recently.

At the picnic, on Bald Knob pike, last Saturday were collected the "beauty and chivalry" of the section. Dancing and festivity were the order of the day. After a superb burgoo dinner, the ladies and gentlemen gathered around the speakers stand and listened to addresses made by Dr. Wilson, Messrs. Cromwell and Johnson, Hon. J. A. Scott and J. D. Kehoe. Every one at the picnic went home satisfied with himself and all the rest of the world.

Prof. Tracy, with that exceedingly bad boy of his, has commenced teaching the Public School at Polsgrove school house. An attractive feature of the Professor's peregrinations is his love for children, music, and Sunday-schools. These make him a welcome visitor in every neighborhood. That mythical incorrigible lad has grown up, as the Professor's vivid fancy expanded, until you can not see

one without thought of the other. He does not seem to have lowered the Professor's standard of ethics, but rather serves as a stimulant to a higher code of greater purity.

Mrs. Josephine North, feeling herself somewhat aggrieved, swore out a peace warrant from the office of Esquire Lee against John B. Harrod. Mr. Harrod had a warrant of arrest served on Mrs. North and Miss Emma Marshall for breach of the peace. The cases were tried before Esquire Lee, at the Harp school-house on Friday, resulting in the acquittal of J. B. Harrod, fining Dan Harrod one cent and costs, and also fining Miss Emma Marshall five dollars and costs. The Parties are all neighbors and a misunderstanding among the children was the cause of the trouble.

### Jett.

A merry party left here recently for a "fish fry," on the river, among whom were Misses Retta Pilkington, of Sedalia, Mo., and Mary Price of Cincinnati, (guests of Mrs. Botts); Carrie Hanly, Lizzie and Jennie Jett, Annie South, May and Eloise Trumbo, Messrs. Hanly, Allan, Emulus and Ruff. Cromwell, Randolp and Thomas Jett, Jerry South and Bob Crutcher.

The party was chaperoned by Mrs. Resor, of Cincinnati, who made the most vigilant of chaperones, aided by cups of cold water and switches of enormous size, succeeded admirably in banishing sleep, and keeping up the good natured spirits of the crowd.

The party was gotten up with great care by the young men, who, ever mindful of the comfort of the fair sex, had provided a tent of ample dimensions for their

number, but the long delayed and much needed rain coming on at that time, they most hospitably threw open the door and invited all to enter, where they were all royally entertained at "Progressive Euchre," seats being provided in true Turkish fashion.

Ladies were never known to fail in an emergency, and this time was no exception, for they had thoughtfully provided appropriate prizes for the occasion.

The merriment of the party was much accelerated by the arrival of the following guests: Messrs. Collins, Tachau, Walker, Mart. South, and Trumbo. After the awarding of prizes, bountiful refreshments were served, after which the guests departed, when the spirits of the party were at their height, and remained so until the cock crew in the morning, which kind and thoughtful fowl, thinking too much quiet reigned, stationed himself at the door of the tent and made the beautiful Kentucky cliffs resound. Immediately every thing in the camp was stir and bustle, forked sticks, with pieces of bacon attached, were welded over the fire and heads of the crowd, and the typical camp coffee and corn bread, when they made their appearance on the well washed table-cloth spread on the floor of the tent, were not to be despised.

Excursion, by boats, was made to a neighboring watermelon patch, where the first sounds that greeted the ears of the party were strains from a violin, which was sufficient to arouse the Terpsichorean propensities of all, and immediately a lively quadrille was formed, when, to use a slang expression they were soon "raising sand." The old song suggested itself—

"Let us dance on the sands  
Where the blue waters roll  
Let us dance, let us dance on the sands."

All pleasant things must have an end. It was with many regrets that camp was broken and all dispersed to their homes, wishing that good fortune would so favor that all might meet again.

Query.—What made night hideous?

Mr. R. E. Hawkins, the great watermelon raiser says that we put his patch on the wrong man's land. It should have been on the land of Mr. Colon Jones, and not Gen. Scott Brown's. We make the amende. We are under obligations for another superb melon.

### LECOMPTE & CARPENTER,

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